

2001: A SPACE
ODYSSEY™

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BEGIN A NEW JOURNEY TO THE STARS-AND BEYOND!!

BASED ON CONCEPTS
FROM THE MGM®
STANLEY KUBRICK
PRODUCTION



2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY™



FROM OUT OF THE MONOLITH-- THE
MOST AWESOME CREATION OF ALL!

MISTER MACHINE!



STAN LEE PRESENTS:

2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY™

BASED ON CONCEPTS OF THE MGM MOVIE BY STANLEY KUBRICK AND ARTHUR C. CLARKE

EDITED, WRITTEN AND DRAWN BY JACK KIRBY • LETTERED N' INKED BY MIKE ROYER • COLORED BY G. ROUSSOS • ENJOYED BY A. GOODWIN

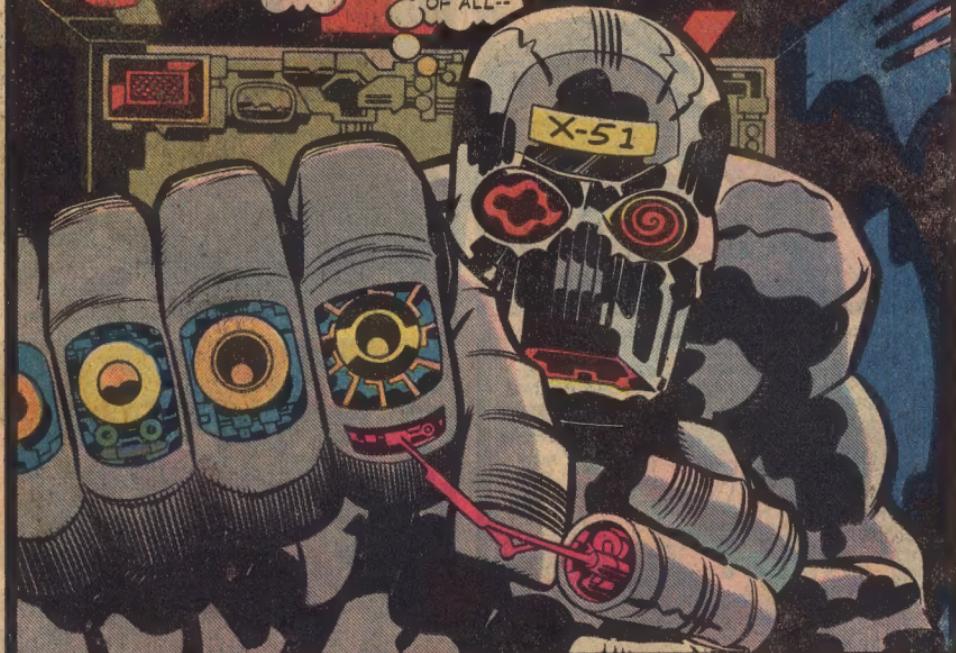
THIS IS THE ODYSSEY OF X-51--A "THINKING" COMPUTER!! HE IS ABOUT TO FACE THE WORLD AS IT IS--A WORLD NOT QUITE READY FOR HIS KIND! AND, AS IT DOES TO ALL OF US, THE WORLD WILL MAKE OF HIM WHAT HE IS TO BECOME!! WHAT WILL BE THE FATE OF THE ULTIMATE WEAPON, RAISED AS A MAN?? READ--BIRTH OF A SUPER-HERO!!!

MISTER MACHINE

I'VE BEEN
HUNTED,
FIRED UPON,
AND THROWN
INTO THIS
MAXIMUM
SECURITY
CELL!

BUT-- THE
WEAPONS
SYSTEM IN
THESE FINGERS
SHALL
AVENGE THIS
GREATEST
INIDIGNITY
OF ALL--

THE
REMOVAL
OF MY
FACE!!



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THAT HUMAN FACE MAY HAVE BEEN WELDED TO THIS METAL HEAD--BUT IT IS MINE! IT BELONGS TO ME!!

AND IT'LL TAKE MORE THAN AN ARMY OF SECURITY MEN TO KEEP ME FROM GETTING IT BACK!

MY FIRST MOVE MUST BE TO LEAVE THIS CELL--BUT IF I DARE TO TURN THE DOORKNOB, IT WILL TRIGGER A HIDDEN SONIC BAZOOKA!

MY CIRCUITS WILL HAVE TO MATCH THE AUTOMATIC SWIFTNESS OF THE UNSEEN MECHANISM!

THEN, AT INSTANT CONTACT WITH THE DOORKNOB ...

RREEEEE!!

MACHINE AGAINST MACHINE! ONE SHALL ESCAPE THIS CRAMPED CELL--THE OTHER SHALL WITHER IN A SMALL INFERNO OF SOLAR HEAT!

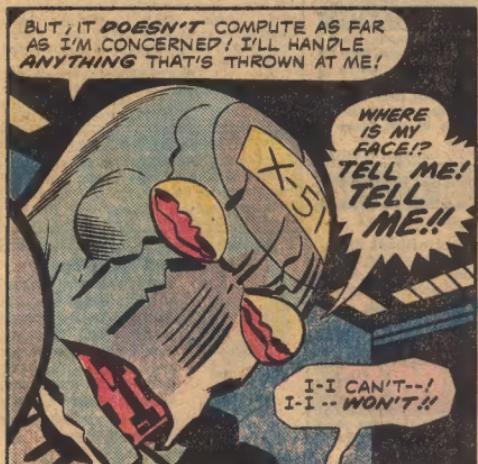
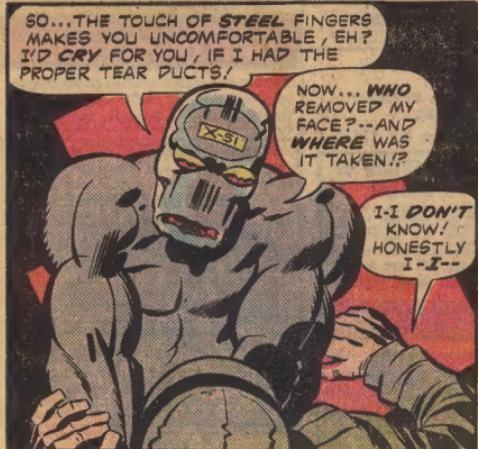
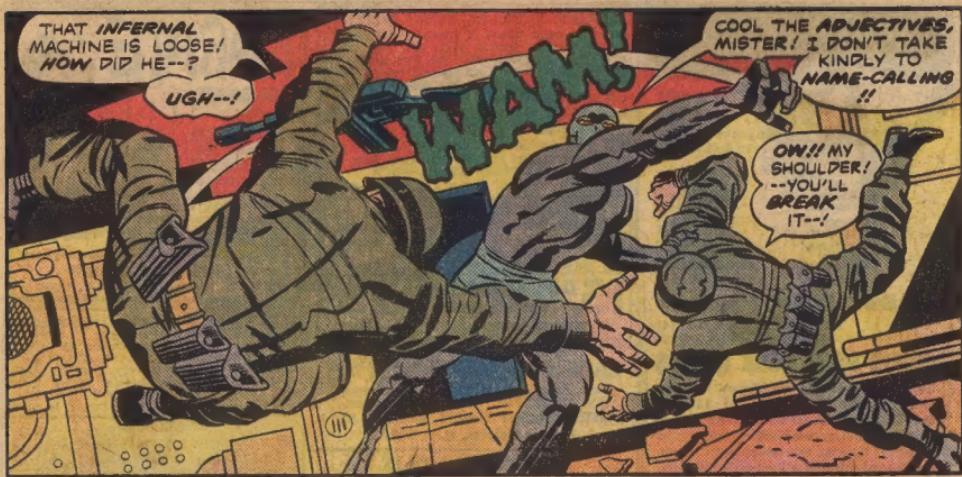
FAREWELL, BROTHER WATCH-DOG!

THE SONIC BAZOOKA WRITHES IN BRIGHT FLAME LIKE A STRICKEN SERPENT BEFORE THE SUN-FIRE REACHES ITS VITALS AND SILENCES ITS DEADLY VOICE...

NOW FOR STEP TWO!

WHA-! LOOK OUT!!

CRASH!



SOON, AFTER THE GUARD PASSES OUT...

I'VE BORROWED HIS HELMET AND WEAPON, BUT I'LL NEED MORE THAN THAT!

HIS SPEAKING VOICE IS ESSENTIAL TO MY PLAN!

WITHIN THE THROAT OF X-51, THE RECORDER WHICH HAS TAPED THE VOICE OF THE GUARD IS ACTIVATED...

I'LL FEED HIS WORDS INTO A SCRAMBLER UNIT AND REARRANGE THEM TO FULFILL MY OWN PURPOSES!

THEN...

LET ME GO, DAMN YOU! THIS IS A BIG COMPLEX! IT'S HEAVILY GUARDED! IF I'M HARMED YOU'LL BE REDUCED TO NUTS AND BOLTS!

LET-BIG-C-O-M- HEAV-GUAR-IF- RE-MED-R-DU- NUTS-PLEX-1-B- E-AN-OLTS-LY- TH-MN-IS-O--

WHEN THE SPEECH IS REARRANGED...

SEND IN THE TROOPS ON THE DOUBLE! THAT MACHINE IS TRYING TO BREAK OUT OF HIS CELL!!

X-51 COMPLETES THE SCRAMBLE AND PAUSES WHERE THE SHADOWS ARE DEEPEST IN THE CORRIDOR. WITH RAISED HAND HE SENDS A LIGHT SHOCK BEAM AT THE ON BUTTON OF A CLOSED CIRCUIT TV. SET.

IS THAT YOU, HANLEY? WHAT'S WRONG?

SEND IN THE TROOPS ON THE DOUBLE! THAT MACHINE IS TRYING TO BREAK OUT OF HIS CELL!!

HANG ON! WE'RE COMING IN!!

THE DECEPTION DOES ITS WORK. A GREAT STEEL DOOR OPENS TO ADMIT THE SUDDEN SURGE OF ARMED GUARDS...

SOMEHOW, I DON'T THINK THEY'LL TAKE THIS IN GOOD SPIRIT!

HEAR ANYTHING? NO! DO YOU THINK--? STOP THINKING AND START SHOOTING IF THAT THING IS LOOSE!



HOLD IT! SOMEONE JUST SLIPPED OUT OF THIS SECTION AND INTO OUR AREA!

IT'S THE ANIMATED JUNK HEAP!

WE'VE BEEN HAD!

KLANGG!!

THAT'S THE FLAMING TRUTH, CHUMS!

YOU'VE BEEN PUT OFF LIMITS !!



X-SI HASTENS ON. SOMEWHERE, IN HIS MECHANICAL STRUCTURE, THE EMOTIONAL MYSTERY HE SHARES WITH HUMANS FLARES WITH HOT INTENSITY. HIS INJURED PRIDE NOW TURNS TO RIGID DETERMINATION...

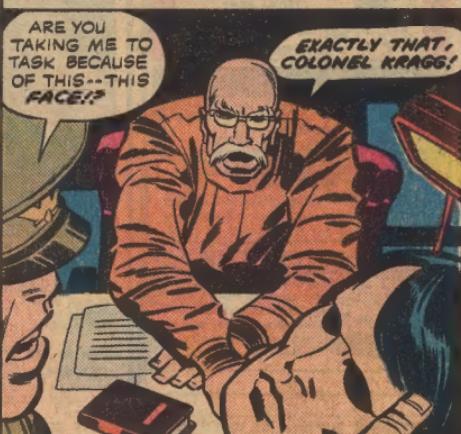


I'LL FIND WHAT I'M LOOKING FOR IF I HAVE TO TAKE THIS COMPLEX APART-- SECTION BY SECTION!

MEANWHILE, IN THE ADMINISTRATOR'S OFFICE...

ARE YOU TAKING ME TO TASK BECAUSE OF THIS--THIS FACE?!

EXACTLY THAT, COLONEL KRAGG!



X-51 HAS BEEN
CONDITIONED TO
WEAR THAT FACE!
WHEN YOU REMOVED
IT--YOU ROBBED
HIM OF THE ONLY
IDENTITY HE'S
EVER HAD!

WELL-- HE KNOWS
WHAT HE IS-- **NOW!**

DOCTOR
BROAD-
HURST...
ALLOW
ME TO--

I CAN SPEAK FOR **MYSELF**,
DOCTOR HAINES! BOTH OF YOU
GENTLEMEN KNOW MY **RECORD**
AS CHIEF OF SECURITY.

IT'S COMMENDABLE--!
BUT SADLY BURDENED
WITH BIAS AGAINST
THAT **THINKING MACHINE**!

YES... I SAID
THINKING,
COLONEL!

HE DISPLAYS **ALL**
THE QUALITIES THAT
DISTINGUISH OUR
SPECIES...

GOD
HELP
HIM!

YOU
MEAN
GOD HELP
US-- IF
HE SHOULD
BREAK
FREE!

THAT
THING IS
A
MENACE!

YOU, YOURSELF,
GAVE THE ORDER
THAT DESTROYED
THE **PRECEDING**
X-MODELS!
THEY WENT
MAD-- OUT
OF CONTROL!

PRECISELY **MY**
POINT! THEY HAD
AN **IDENTITY**
CRISIS WHICH
THEY **COULDN'T**
RESOLVE!

BUT, X-51 IS
DIFFERENT! HE WAS
TRAINED IN THE
HUMAN IMAGE!
IT MUST REMAIN
INTACT AT ALL
COST!

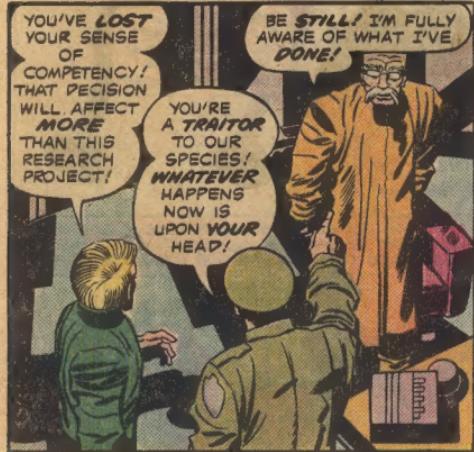
HIS FATE IS
MY RESPONSIBILITY
-- AND MINE
ALONE!

RIDICULOUS!
I TELL YOU
THAT HE SPELLS
TROUBLE!

BZZZ!!

DOCTOR BROADHURST! WE'VE
GOT A **RED ALERT**! X-51
HAS BROKEN OUT OF CONFINEMENT!
SECURITY IS TRYING
TO **CONTAIN** HIM!

I SEE--!!
STAND BY
--ONE
MOMENT--



SUDDENLY, WITH A SAVAGE MOTION, X-SI TEARS
THROUGH THE THICK METAL SHIELD...

LOOK
OUT!

AAA--!

HE'S SNAPPING THAT
SHIELD LIKE IT WAS
MADE OF CARDBOARD!

R
RIIPII!

YOU'LL HAVE TO
BLAST ME WITH
AN A-BOMB
TO KEEP ME
FROM MY GOAL!

STAND
ASIDE!

I CAN'T GET
A CLEAR
SHOT AT HIM
WITH THIS
SONIC RIFLE!

I'M NOT
WAITING FOR
YOU TO USE
THOSE SONICS
ON ME!

KRAK!

ONLY A MISSILE AT MAXIMUM SPEED COULD
MATCH THE FORWARD THRUST MADE BY X-SI...

A FEW NEW TWISTS
IN THAT WEAPON
SHOULD KEEP IT
OUT OF ACTION!

KRIK!

WHY, YOU--!

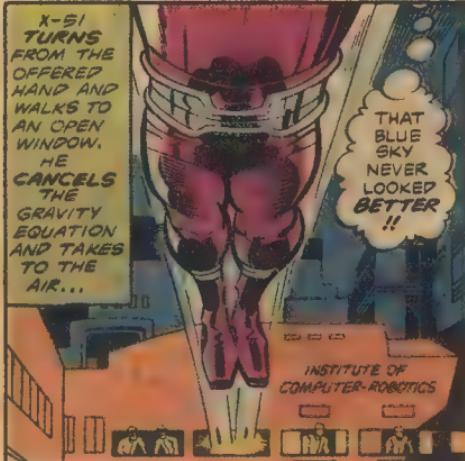
A LOUD COMMANDING VOICE CUTS SHARPLY
THROUGH THE CHAOS...

KNOCK
IT
OFF!

THE
BATTLE'S
OVER!

I
SAID
HOLD
IT!!!





BUT, THERE ARE INTERESTED WITNESSES TO HIS DEPARTURE...

WE CAN'T KEEP THAT KIND OF BIRD IN A CAGE, KRAGG! HE NEEDS ALL THE SPACE HE CAN GET!

HE'LL TAKE IT BY FORCE IF HE HAS TO! YOU'VE JUST RELEASED A WORLD MENACE, DOCTOR!

YOU'LL LIVE TO RUIN THIS DAY, BROADHURST! WE'LL SEE HOW YOU FEEL WHEN THE REPORTS COME IN! REPORTS OF INJURY -- AND DEATH!

DON'T PANIC, KRAGG... I'M NOT THE FOOL YOU TAKE ME FOR. THIS IS A CONTROLLED EXPERIMENT!

I-I DON'T UNDERSTAND! FILL ME IN...

WHEN HIS FACE WAS WELDED, I ORDERED AN M-4 TECHNIQUE! IT MEANT TO AFFIX A HOMING DEVICE TO HIS SKULL!

OUR BIRD IS MONITORED, KRAGG!

THE THOUGHTS OF X-SI NO LONGER DWELL ON THE RESEARCH INSTITUTE. HE SAVORS THE JOY OF FLIGHT AND THEN REFLECTS ON THE WISDOM OF THIS METHOD OF TRAVEL...

I'LL BE ATTRACTING CROWDS OF SPECTATORS IF I KEEP THIS UP! MY BEST BET IS TO TAKE THE LOW ROAD, AND STAY ON IT!

ALTHOUGH I'VE NO INTENTION OF HIDING FROM HUMANS, THERE'S NO NEED TO ADVERTISE FOR THEIR ATTENTION.



WHAT I NEED NOW IS -- DIRECTION... A PLAN.

AS IF IN ANSWER TO THE PROBLEM
PLAGUING X-SI, THE MONOLITH
APPEARS...

IT'S NATURE IS UNFATHOMABLE. BUT THERE IS
NO DENYING THAT CONTACT WITH IT HAD
HELPED HIM TO ESCAPE. HE APPROACHES
THE THING WITHOUT FEAR...

* THAT WAS
LAST ISSUE...
REMEMBER?
J.K.

THERE IS NO EXCHANGE OF WORDS,
BUT THERE IS COMMUNICATION...

NO-- I SHALL NOT SEEK
DESTINY. IT WILL FIND
ME-- AND LEAD ME TO
MY DESTINED PATH!

SUDDENLY...

OH! ER--
SORRY, MISTER!
SAY... WHAT
WAS THAT
SHINING
STONE?

I DON'T SEE
A SHINING
STONE.

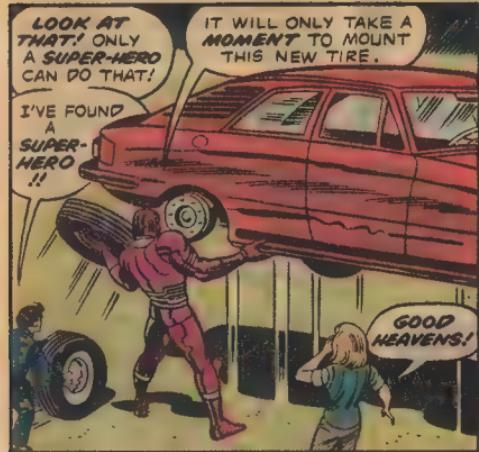
I-IT'S GONE, NOW, BUT
I'M SURE I SAW ...

I DON'T KNOW
WHAT YOU SAW,
FELLA-- AT
ANY RATE, I'VE
LITTLE
INTEREST IN
YOUR FANCIES!

WELL, YOU'VE CERTAINLY
GOT ME EXCITED! YOU
LOOK LIKE ONE OF THE
MARVEL SUPER-HEROES!

I CAN'T
ADMIT TO
THAT HONOR.

NOW... IS
THERE
SOMETHING
ELSE ON
YOUR
MIND?



BUT DESTINY IS CAPABLE OF STREWING ONE'S PATH WITH SEEDS OF EVIL WHEN THE FUTURE BECKONS BRIGHTEST...

MY VIGILANCE HAS PAID OFF HANDSOMELY, KRINGE, IT SEEMS THAT ONE OF THE RUMORED "X-MODELS" ESCAPED DESTRUCTION!

I-IT SEEMS THAT WAY, MISTER HOTLINE!

GOOD THINKING, KRINGE! I LIKE A MAN WHO DOUBTS UNTIL HE'S CERTAIN! BUT, I HAVE THE POWER TO REMOVE THAT DOUBT! I SHALL SUBMIT HIM TO AN UNSHAKABLE TEST!

FOLLOW THAT CAR, KRINGE!

Y-YES SIR! AT ONCE!



I-I'LL KEEP PACE WITH HIM AT A DISCREET DISTANCE. IF OUR QUARRY IS THE REAL ARTICLE, HE MAY BE EQUIPPED TO DETECT OUR PRESENCE!

ALL TOO TRUE! BUT WE ARE NEVER WITHOUT PROTECTION-- ARE WE, KRINGE?

THOSE WHO SERVE ME KEEP CLOSE AT HAND-- LIKE DOGS ON A LEASH!



HIS HUMAN COMPANIONS ARE UNABLE TO HEAR THE CRACKLE OF RADIO-WAVES COURSING THROUGH THE AIR, BUT X-SI PICKS THEM UP IMMEDIATELY...

THAT WAS AN ODD SIGNAL! --A GARBLED SOUND ON A FREQUENCY LEVEL OF INFINITE REFINEMENT!

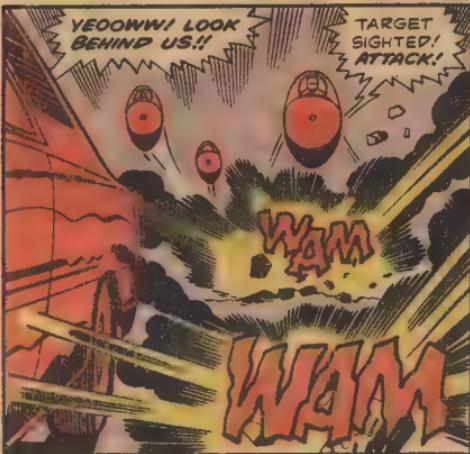
WHAT'RE YOU LISTENING TO SUPERHERO? ARE YOU EXPECTING A MESSAGE FROM THE AVENGERS--OR MAYBE THE FANTASTIC FOUR!?

JERRY! PLEASE--!



THAT'S ALL RIGHT, MISS. THE FACT IS THAT MY -- ER-- EAR-PHONES DID REACT TO SOME SORT OF SIGNAL!

I KNEW IT--! THERE'S ACTION BREWING! MY GUESS IS THAT DOCTOR DOOM IS AFTER HIM!



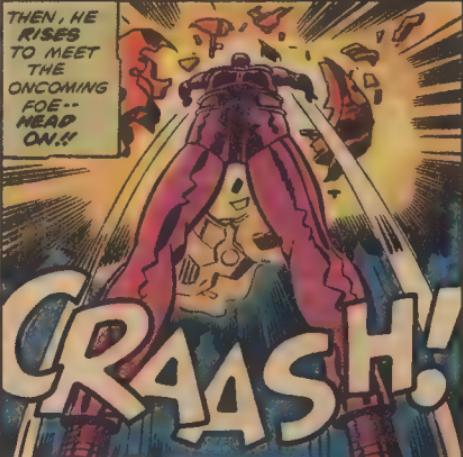
AS THE CAR IS DRIVEN OFF THE ROAD TO AVOID DANGER, X-SI LEAPS OUT TO MEET THE CHALLENGE...



HE RUSHES DIRECTLY INTO THE PATH OF THE ATTACKERS. HIS FOOT SHAFTS DIG INTO THE GROUND TO GAIN FIRM ANCHORAGE...



THEN, HE RISES TO MEET THE ONCOMING FOE-- HEAD ON!!



X-51
COMPLETELY
DEMOLISHES
THE
FIRST
CRAFT.
HE
RETRACTS
QUICKLY,
AS
ONE
OF
THE
OTHERS
LANDS
NEARBY...

THAT GOON
REALLY WANTS
TO MAKE A
FIGHT
OF IT!

YOUR LUCK'S RUN
OUT, IRONPANTS!
I'M GONNA PUNCTURE
YOUR THINK-TANK!

THAT'S A
SONIC
WEAPON HE'S
CARRYING!
I CAN'T LET
HIM USE IT!

WITH LIGHTNING SPEED, X-51'S RIGHT EYE
LENS BECOMES A SNIPER-SCOPE, AIMED
SHARPLY
AT HIS
ASSAILANT...



A SHOCK WAVE OF SAVAGE INTENSITY
STRIKES HIS TARGET...

FZOOM!



THESE PUM-PUMS ARE UNEQUAL
TO THE WEAPON-SYSTEM IN MY
FINGERS! BUT... THEY DO
KEEP TRYING!

NUMBER THREE
IS SPORTING SOME
KIND OF CANNON!



THE HOVER-CRAFT CLOSES IN. ITS
HEAVY WEAPON ROARS...



THAT ONE
MERELY SHOOK
ME, SWINE!
YOU LOSE!

A MIGHTY METAL ARM FLASHES FORWARD IN A DEADLY ARC, UNTIL...



MOMENTS LATER...



WHO ARE YOU, ANYWAY? YOU LOOK STRANGE. YOUR CLOTHES ARE STRANGE. Y-YOU'RE NOT LIKE ANY MAN I'VE EVER SEEN!

I-I KNOW THAT YOU DESERVE AN ANSWER, MISS, BUT I'D RATHER NOT DISCUSS IT!



AW, C'MON, OLIVIA! DON'T BUG HIM! SUPER-HEROES ARE ALWAYS HUNG UP ABOUT REVEALING THEIR TRUE IDENTITIES!

OH, WELL... I-I DON'T SUPPOSE IT'S PROPER TO PRY INTO THINGS THAT DON'T CONCERN US.

I-I'M SORRY ABOUT ALL THIS! I-IT WAS TOTALLY UNEXPECTED!



YOU'RE STILL COMING WITH US TO TOWN, AREN'T YOU? WE'LL HAVE TO REPORT THIS INCIDENT TO THE POLICE!

--ER--OH, YES... THE POLICE...

SURE... YOU KNOW THE HEAT! THE DUPES WITH UNIFORMS AND BULL-HORNS--YOUR PLAYMATES!



MISTER MACHINE DEPARTS TOWARD AN UNCERTAIN FUTURE, BUT THOSE WHO WATCH HIM FROM COVER ARE NOW DETERMINED TO DICTATE IT!

POLICE... UNIFORMS... HE MUST LOVE THAT PROSPECT!

THE POINT IS, KRINGE, HE PASSED THE TEST! HE IS A GENUINE X-MODEL!



DOES A MACHINE HAVE A SOUL? THAT QUESTION LEAPS TO ACTION NEVER SEEN BEFORE! STAND BY FOR--

W
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MONOLITH MAIL

C/O MARVEL COMICS GROUP, 575 MADISON AVE. N.Y.C. 10022

MONOLOGUE ON A MONOLITH

Thus far, the outspoken opinions of Marveldom Assembled are anything but monolithic. Some are simply sense-stunned by King Kirby's wog-boggling treatment of the wondrous 2001 theme; others, unfortunately, are still holdouts—ever hopeful of further imaginative embellishment.

We have but one comment of our own to add: Awk!

Now that we've got that out of our system, let's take a letterieel-retrospective look at Jack's "new journey to the stars—and beyond!"

Hail, Jack Kirby!

You have done for comics that which has never been achieved in any other medium. You have facilitated an intellectual breakthrough in the realm of science fiction and have led us to the extreme conclusion that you are the foremost literary/artistic talent to emerge within the last ten or so years. Your rendition of 2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY far surpasses the work of Kubrick and Clarke, both in rational and spiritual content.

Issue #3 was stupendous; the symbolism evident in Marak the Merciless conveys a universal truth implicit in the formation of the New Seed and necessary for the continuing existence of Mankind. Your subtle catharsis of the Monolith with the barbaric existence of the "primitives" exemplifies the eternal conflict of future and past. The entire storyline was a well polished piece of fine craftsmanship.

Congratulations! Keep up the good work!

Mark Andrew Malamud and Cary Hammer
49 East 96th Street
New York, NY 10028

Dear Marvel,

You know, I've read three issues of 2001, along with letters and text pages, and I've yet to see the point of the magazine. It's obviously not meant to entertain by providing just pure action and adventure, like many super-hero titles. There's more to it than that. Yet what is really being attempted is vague enough that it escapes me. Cohesiveness suffers because of the lack of continuing characters (unless you want to count the Monolith!). In the case of the Marak story running over into issue #4, I'm going to guess that once he reaches "fetal godhood," we won't see him again, either. But what really bothers me, I guess, is that, in my opinion, the original 2001 said it all, and Kirby's monthly efforts thus far have

only been monotonous reiterations of that same theme. We've been introduced to some rather uninspiring candidates for "fetal godhood," but, other than that, nothing new has been said. It seems that if the purpose of the magazine is more than just pure action, which I'm sure it is, and if it's really trying to comment on the relationship between man and "space gods," then that comment has already been made. Arthur C. Clarke made it, and Stanley Kubrick brought it to the cinema world. Kirby's making much the same comment in many other books he's writing. So, c'mon, guys! Let's not beat the issue to death! I sincerely hope to see some diversity in the content of 2001. I'd be the first to agree that there is much room for good science fiction in the comic industry today, but GOOD science fiction is not redundant!

Mike Christiansen
704 S. Third Street
Rockford, IL 61108

It seems, friend Mike, that you and Mark & Cary have a fundamental difference of opinion as regards the relative merit of our latest science fictional undertaking—namely, 2001 as interpreted by Jack Kirby. You're all probably right—each in your own way—'cause the key word is interpretation. Just as Jack is interpreting 2001, so each and every reader is interpreting Jack's work. In the end, it can be argued that anyone's personal opinion in the matter is as valid as that of anyone else. However, opinions change—and we're hoping that you'll stick around, Mike, and get a good look at the diversity developing in this sensational series.

Who knows—chances are you'll grow to like what you see!

Dear Marvel:

Quite frankly, when I read the next issue blurb in 2001 #4 and learned that the following issue would feature Norton of New York, I was riding high on imagination, ensconced firmly on my own private dream machine of excitement (if you know what I mean).

Issue #5 is a bully of an idea, a comics commando performance in creativity by Jack Kirby and Mike Royer, and I'm making the most of it! Norton is nifty, and seems to be somewhat of a sportster (or am I reading too much into the concept?). This installment of the on-going 2001 saga turned out to be as wild as a two-wheeled ride into oblivion! I hope the next 850 issues are as inspiring.

Keep up the fine tradition, Jack!

N. V. Triumph
1901-77 English Drive
Classic, Ontario, Canada

THE HULK!
NIGHTHAWK!
VALKYRIE!
and MARVEL'S
MIGHTIEST
GUEST-
STARS...
EVERY MONTH IN
THE DEFENDERS
EXPECT THE UNEXPECTED
WITH THE MOST
STARTLING
NON-GROUP
IN COMICS
HISTORY!

2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY

scanned by *Wizard*



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